

Session One (feat. Slaughterhouse)

Eminem

Ladies and gentlemen, make some noise!
You ready to get this shit started or what?
Alright, cause I brought some friends with me too
Now I ain't back just for the sake of just sayin I'm back
I could relax but I'd rather stack ammo on tracks
Couple Xanax, light a couple wax candles then black
Out and relapse 'til I yack Jack Daniels and 'gnac
Burp bubbles, attitude's immaturing
Double shot of Bacardi, party, vision is blurring
Whoa-oh, I can't see shit, my words get to slurring
Uh-oh! You can call me R. Kelly now, you're in
Trouble! What's occurring befo', after, and during the show
Has no bearing on the bad news I'm bearing, whoa
What is it, wordplay? No, I'm pushing you out the do'
So suck my dick on the couch if you wanna cushion the blow
Now stomp your fucking feet 'til you get to squishing a ho
It's pandemonium, standing o when you see him, oh
Damn baby you look good, you're giving me wood
You should pull over like a sweat-shirt with a hood
It's neck work, get her polly on, you and me both
Break bread while I'm copping over this game to pinch a loaf
Now homie who's your favorite pain in the ass?
Who claims to be spitting the same flames as me? I'm Kanye when he crashed
In other words I got the hood on smash like I stepped on the gas
Destroyed the front end
Deployed the damn airbags from the dash
Went through 'em and laughed
Came back an hour after the accident
And bit a goddamn Jawbreaker in half!
So stop faking the funk and start shaking your ass
Slaughterhouse in the house with the Caucasian of rap
And Just Blaze on the track, what's the fuck's more amazing than that?
Slut, answer me that, Royce where you at?
I'm right here Fire Marshall, verbal pair of pliers I pry apart you
Lump on your head designed by a bar stool
Designed by a cartoon
Before I need to be hired, Jimmy I'll fire Marshall
The 9 tucked against the lining
I pull it out and flip your partner upside-down
Like y'all are a couple 69ing
It's like Rick James is shooting up your house, nigga!
{rapid gunfire} FUCK YO' COUCH NIGGA!

You're screaming, "Fuck the world!" with your middle finger up
While I'm over here shoving my dick in a hole in the mud
My bitch know I'm perfectly fit for murder
Because I murdered her, so you can call me
Nickel to O.J. to Glove
I got a Posse of Insane Clowns
Blow your brains on your opposite ear
And ask you how your brain sounds
Bad, Evil, we go Alfred E. Neumann mad cerebral
You on your last burrito!
(What that mean Nickel?) It's a wrap if you eating
Get a beat then terrorize that bitch like I'm Middle Eastern
Slaughterhouse on FIRE, nobody touching that
Good day and good night, Ortiz, yo, where the FUCK you at?
I'm right here in my Nike Airs, Buzz Light-years
Ahead of my mic peers, quite scary to look at a nightmare
Where my book at? I write fear in the heart of you tight squares
I harbor the art of my nice wear
It's type weird cause that made me hotter than my dear
Uncle Al's breath after polishing off his ninth beer
Homie chill, listen, I swear
I'm God, I give tracks a Holy-feel, and they bite ears
I'm right here, why wouldn't I be?
Just waiting to be hooked to IV as Mumm-Ra's
Well, when you look at my pee
And this joint no exception, so just point a direction
And record the pig's oink when I rip his intestine
This isn't just an infection
This won't go away with penicillin injections
Millions of questions arose
After they did an inspection, what I exhibit
Seems to be non-contagious yet anybody can get it
Aw shiddit, I did it again, when I liddift this pen
I emitted this phlegm, this time it's alongside Emiddinem
So tell a friend to tell a friend write a disgusting hook
Jump in shark water and swim, yo where the fuck is Crook?
I'm right here letting the shotty pop, quick as a karate chop
Get your body shot, get your top chopped, like a lollipop
Call it Maserati drop, in the body shop
Get your mommy knocked
And your Uncle Tommy molli-wopped
I take your life to the ninth inning
A knife in the gunfight, I love it, me and my knife winning
I laugh when you fall, the shit'll be funny
I'll buy my bitch a new ass and watch her sit on my money
Man, all the bitches holla - they wanna drop my britches
Then jaw on my dick and swallow, leave drawers in this Impala
I ball like Iguodala
I bear more arms than 6 koalas

As soon as I draw, get sent to Allah
Bilinguist don, I kill with the tongue, I'm Atilla the Hun
I'm Genghis Khan, I'm a genius spawn
I pillage your village for fun, an egregious con
A syllable gun, real as they come, Long Beach Saddam!
Slaughterhouse equals swine flu, are South flying
We do it to try to do without tryin
(Slaughterhouse!) Cause to it's us it's so easy
Where's Jumpoff Joe Beezy?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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